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We're Alone In This World



dragons

23 0 3

Chapter 1 by Glowpy-Druglord

Long ago, there were two creators of the world we know. Lavarias, the Dragon Goddess of Life, and Anthros or Death, Wielder of Destruction. The two creators were at peace for many centuries, the balance was in order. Until Anthros grew jealous of Lavarias' powers and demanded that he receive powers like hers. When she refused, he discovered a book within her library that would grant him infinite powers of Death, but only at the cost of his soul. Without think, Anthros cast the spell upon himself, stripping his flesh, muscle, blood, and tissue from his living body, leaving only bones. Anthros tossed away his name and took on his true name, Death.

Death then attacked Lavarias with his newfound powers, nearly killing her. With a heavy heart, the Goddess banished Death to the Underworld, where he would have no possession in the mortal world. With that, Lavarias created different Guardians to help her keep the world in balance.

But with her Guardians, Death was creating Harbingers, mortal dragons who sold their souls to him to get him enough souls to return to the Mortal world.

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"Lavarias, we can't just deny that Death will return. As he flowed from his spot on the ground, flames licked at his fangs. A scar pulled down from his lower eye lid to the base of his jaw.

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"I agree," Fjord rumbled, his stony tail scraping against the floor. He had several scrolls rolled out in front of his talons, his feathered pen in its ink cartridge. Fjord knew every bit of dragon history like his own stones, he was the Keeper of Knowledge.

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